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My mother slit her wrists once  
as an apology  
to her children, misled  
to believe the world  
overflowing with good things.  
The razor blade whispered  
I'm sorry, and opened her  
like an envelope.

Mother, opened,  
showed us what the world  
was made of. Invisible wounds  
before our eyes, and our mouths  
sucked in air.

There was no blood at once,  
instead crisp, green dollar bills  
spilt from her,  
fluttering to the floor.  
Dead springtime leaves.  
Our eyes were wide as windows.  
It was the most  
money we had ever seen.

You once loved me, she said,  
love me again, and she  
nodded at the pile  
of her currency and smiled  
but we frowned, confused.  
Our mother was bleeding  
money. Then she started to cry  
And blood flowed.